

THE INAUGURATION OF LINCOLN

On March 4, 1861, at high noon, amid a throng of people, an open barouche drove up to the Pennsylvania Avenue entrance of Willard's Hotel, in the city of Washington. Its single occupant was "a large, heavy, awkward-moving man, far advanced in years, with short and thin gray hair, full face, plentifully seamed and wrinkled, head curiously inclined to the left shoulder, a low-crowned, broad-brimmed silk hat, an immense white cravat, like a poultice, thrusting his old-fashioned collar up to his ears, dressed in black throughout, with a swallow-tailed coat not of the newest style." This was President Buchanan, come to escort Abraham Lincoln, President-elect, to the capitol, where he was to take the oath of office. Mr. Buchanan typified the end of a political era, as Lincoln typified the beginning of a new one.

The aged Pennsylvanian, who had fought in the War of 1812, whose chief hope for months had been to end his administration in peace, and the tall, vigorous man of fifty-two from the Illinois prairies, came out of the hotel arm in arm, and in the presence of a gaping crowd, held back by a line of militia, entered the barouche, and were driven up the avenue toward the capitol. The day was fine, with the brilliant, genial sunshine that spring sometimes brings thus early in that latitude. There was no demonstration as the carriage and its escort—described as "a rather disorderly and certainly not very imposing procession"—proceeded toward the capitol. Yet there were many dark faces in the crowd on either side of the way, and on the roofs of various houses, in commanding positions, were concealed squads of sharpshooters, stationed by General Scott, with explicit orders to guide them in case of disturbances in the street.

Many had feared that Lincoln would be harmed in person on his trip to the nation's capitol, for threats had been made that he should never be inaugurated, and General Winfield Scott, as commander of the army, had employed all the men he could secure from the army and militia to guard the line of march and the capitol. Yet nothing untoward occurred, and shortly after one o'clock Abraham Lincoln and James Buchanan arrived before the capitol, then an unfinished building, with a portion of its front obscured by a litter of stages, derricks, and building material.

The official party proceeded to the Senate chamber, which was crowded with dignitaries, including the entire diplomatic corps, to witness the ceremony of swearing in the Vice-President-elect, Hannibal Hamlin, of Maine. This ceremony performed, Mr. Lincoln, accompanied still by President Buchanan, and followed by Mrs. Lincoln and her three sons, Chief Justice Taney of the Supreme Court, who was to administer the oath, and the clerk of the Senate bearing a Bible, proceeded to the east front of the capitol, where a platform had been erected over the steps, with a sort of open wooden shed on it. In this little structure an epochal event in American history now took place. The greatest American of his time here took up the heaviest responsibilities that had ever fallen on the shoulders of a President.

There were but few cheers when the official party arrived on the platform. Enemies of Lincoln and the North were plentiful in the crowd. The friends of the President did not wish to irritate them by cheering. Every loyal nerve was tense, and every loyal heart hoped there would be no outbreak—no tragedy.

As the tall and homely looking Lincoln came forward observers close to him saw

that he had made a departure from his usual easy style of dress. He wore a new suit, his usual frock coat having given place to a dress coat. His waistcoat was of black satin, his trousers black, his hat a black beaver, and he carried a large ebony cane with a gold head. On arriving at his place Mr. Lincoln looked about for a place for his hat, and, finding none, was about to deposit it on the floor, when Stephen A. Douglas came to the rescue of his old rival and took the hat, which he continued to hold. Lincoln then thrust his cane into a corner of the railing and was ready to speak.



The unique honor of introducing Lincoln fell to Edward D. Baker, of Oregon, a veteran of the Mexican War, then in the Senate, who was destined to die in battle for the Union within eight months. Lincoln had not spoken long when his hearers became conscious that they were listening to a new note in official utterances. No longer was there any tone of compromise with secession. Lincoln declared solemnly: "I consider that, in view of the Constitution and the laws, the Union is unbroken, and to the extent of my ability I shall take care, as the Constitution itself expressly enjoins upon me, that the laws of the Union be faithfully executed in all the States. Doing this I deem to be only a simple duty on my part, and I shall perform it, so far as practicable, unless my rightful masters, the American people, shall withhold the requisite means, or in some authoritative manner direct the contrary." The calm, judicial tone of the address and the clear, resonant voice of the speaker, trained in the West by long prac-

tice in out-of-door oratory, made a profound impression.

There could be no doubt that he would do his utmost to preserve the Union, while his attitude toward the South was unequivocally enunciated in these words: "In your hands, my dissatisfied fellow countrymen, and not in mine, is the momentous issue of civil war. The government will not assail you. You can have no conflict without being yourselves the aggressors. You have no oath registered in heaven to destroy the government, while I shall have the most solemn one to preserve, protect, and defend it."

As the concluding words of the celebrated peroration of the speech died away there was a hearty cheer from the crowd. Then the clerk of the Senate stepped forward and opened the Bible, and the aged Justice Taney, visibly affected, began to repeat the oath, which Lincoln, with his hand on the open book, solemnly pronounced after him: "I, Abraham Lincoln, do solemnly swear that I will faithfully execute the office of President of the United States, and will, to the best of my ability, preserve, protect, and defend the Constitution of the United States."

Then a battery on the brow of Capitol Hill thundered a salute, and James Buchanan, private citizen, and President Lincoln returned to their carriage and were driven to the White House. Here the venerable Buchanan, heartily glad to be safely out of office, shook President Lincoln by the hand on the threshold and wished him personal happiness and a peaceful term.

And Abraham Lincoln took command, and ruled with honor to himself and credit to Anglo-Saxon civilization. May the reader of this monograph study the life of Lincoln, whose deeds of valor are worthy of emulation.—Gilbert Patten Brown.

The Steamboat That Lincoln Invented

By T. C. CLARK

ABRAHAM LINCOLN is known to history primarily as a great statesman and President and a good man. Besides this, he was much else: he was an able lawyer, a splendid story-teller, and it is even said that he wrote poetry. But he is seldom thought of as an inventor.

In the United States Patent Office, at Washington, may be seen to-day a model of a steamboat constructed by the great American in the late forties of the last century. A patent covering the distinctive features of the boat was procured, but nothing was ever done to make the ideas practical.

The boat was of the flat-bottomed type used so much on the Western and Southern rivers in Lincoln's day. The model is thus described by one who has seen it:

"The first noticeable feature was the broad guards that, unlike the guards of the boats on Eastern waters, extended the entire length of the hull of the boat. Secured to the underside of these guards by very strong and suitable clamps and other fastenings was a series of expandable buoyant chambers, made of exceedingly tough and all but indestructible material, elastic and waterproof. A row of uprights rose from these buoyant chambers which by means of the proper machinery were connected with the boat's engines, so that when in shallow waters, if she should run aground, the whole power of the engines could be so exerted as to expand these buoyant chambers and lift the boat clear of all obstruction, the increased buoyancy allowing her, of course, to float till deeper currents were reached. Then by transferring the power of the engines to the wheels the boat could be driven forward again to its desired port."



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EDITORIAL

GREAT men are usually great boys grown up.

There are exceptions, of course, but it usually happens that the fine qualities of a soul begin to show themselves very early in life. You may pick up the life story of almost any great man or woman and you will be almost certain to find a boyhood or girlhood filled with significant events.

People do not begin to grow all at once. It is not the boys and girls that live a happy-go-lucky life and have harum scarum times that all of a sudden blossom out into strong and useful characters.

II II

You may take such a life as Abraham Lincoln's for instance: wherever you touch it you will find it masterful and true.

When Abraham Lincoln was a young man he was very, very poor, as all you know. He had no rich relatives nor powerful political friends to help him along. He had to depend upon himself alone. One day the owner of a flatboat, who had filled it with merchandise for the New Orleans market, offered Abraham fifty cents a day to work for him. It was hard and often dangerous work, but it was the only thing that offered and Abraham gladly took it. Almost the first thing that happened was the sticking fast of the flatboat on a dam near New Salem, Illinois, and nobody was able to get it off but Abraham Lincoln.

II II

WHEN the trip was over the owner of the flatboat wanted to keep young Lincoln in his employ. He knew a good man when he saw one and he wanted to put him in charge of a store and a mill that he had bought in New Salem. The city of New Salem at that time consisted of twenty log cabins and about one hundred people, and this proprietor thought that Abraham Lincoln was just the man he wanted to make his store and his mill a success. Our young men to-day would think such a venture as this very poor in promise, but Abraham took hold with his accustomed good nature and shrewd business instincts.

He speedily became the friend of everybody in the neighborhood. He was very tall and strong, very awkward in his movements, and exceedingly droll in his remarks. Everybody liked him and the business that he had in charge prospered.

His employer soon became very proud of him, not only as a clerk, but also as an athlete. He loved to fight but Abraham was the best man in New Salem in fighting or wrestling or running, and there seemed to be nobody in the vicinity of that pioneer city to dispute his claim.

But in Clary's Grove there was a group of young men who prided themselves upon their strength and prowess. They called themselves "The Clary's Grove Boys" and they were described as "a generous parcel of rowdies who could trench a pond, dig a bog, build a house, fight and pray, make a village, or create a state." This story, as told in Abraham Lincoln, the Boy and the Man, goes on to say that the Clary's Grove Boys were not going to allow the New Salem youth to deprive them of their laurels, and so they put forth their champion, one Jack Armstrong, a powerful young backwoodsman who, they claimed, was the greatest fighter in that part of Illinois. They offered to put up the large sum of ten dollars that he could whip Abraham Lincoln.

Abraham held back. Though he was six feet four inches high and weighed two hundred and fourteen pounds, in those days, he did not like to fight and would have preferred some other trial of strength with an antagonist.

II II

But his employer said that it would never do. In those rude days fighting was not condemned as we condemn it now. It was not a prize-ring affair, but was one of the common tests of athletic prowess. Both he and other friends of Lincoln told him that he could not shrink from this test. He had to hold the favor of the New Salem people or New Salem was no place for him. In order to do business in that community he had to meet all its demands.

So he went into this contest, but he was determined not to injure Jack Armstrong. When Jack rushed at him he just reached out those long arms of his and seized him by the neck, and whirling him around in the air, set him down again. It was evident to the Clary's Grove Boys that Jack Armstrong was no match for Abraham Lincoln and they accepted the New Salem claims of Lincoln's championship without a murmur. Abraham received the hearty admiration of the Clary's Grove Boys, including Jack Armstrong himself.

II II

If any of our boys want to know how to turn a fight into a contest that makes friends they may learn this lesson from Lincoln. Nobody could hate a man like him. He soon became the warm friend of everybody for miles around.

Our boys will note also that Abraham Lincoln was no "sissy." Good-natured and peaceable as he always was, he delighted in feats of strength and was always ready to exhibit his powers for the entertainment of his friends.

It is said that upon one occasion he lifted a barrel of whisky in his hands and, raising it slowly, bending backward, he somehow got under it and pushed it straight up in the air until he was able to drink from the bung-hole.

"There!" said a bystander, "that's the first drink of whisky I ever saw Abe take."

Spurting it from his mouth, Abraham replied:

"That's right, and you didn't see me take this one either."

It is recorded that Abraham fitted a set of straps and ropes to his shoulders and hips and by the aid of these raised a box filled with stones and iron whose weight was gradually increased until it was almost a thousand pounds.

WE delight in these old stories of this young man, poor and ill-clad, without the advantage of schools and churches. He wore a ragged old hat, a faded and torn shirt, and homespun trousers that were also frayed and ragged. Much of the time he went barefoot and had only coarse brogans to wear in the cold weather. But we take off our hats to him to-day, not only as a renowned statesman, but also as a clean and manly boy and a youth of honor and of self-control.

There must have been something extraordinary in Abraham Lincoln to keep him from strong drink in those days when drinking was almost universal, and the kindness of his great heart as shown in after years was clearly manifest in the earlier days when he would not fight, but sought only to be friendly and kind.

Have You Learned to Smile?

BY EUGENE C. FOSTER

HE is a fifteen-year-old boy, away at boarding school. He has been having trouble with the matron. He says: "She is mean and I suppose she could not live without getting some boy into trouble. She is always after somebody." Then a little later he ends up his letter by saying: "Well, whistle when you're in trouble and you will come out all right. Let's forget the matron and cheer up."

Do you know, fellows, I think that boy is going to succeed. Any boy who can say, "Let's forget my trouble and cheer up," has his face set in the right direction. I have known some boys about his age who were so grumbly and grouchy that they were mighty hard to live with. They surely will fail unless they get over that habit.

It takes courage to wear a smile when things are against you, and not every boy has that courage. But he can cultivate it; in fact, the very boy who wrote me that letter used to settle all his arguments with his fists until he learned a better way. One day last summer when another boy had played a particularly mean trick on him I saw the boy of whom I speak clench his fists and start for his tormentor and then stop, drop his hands at his sides, turn on his heel and walk away with a smile. Just then he saw I was looking, and an hour or so afterward, when I met him, he laughed right out and said: "Well, I did it, didn't I? But it wasn't easy."

"It's easy enough to be pleasant,

When life goes by like a song,

But the man worth while

Is the man who can smile

When everything goes dead wrong."

Let's join the league of smilers, you and I, and see how it smooths things out. Let's begin practicing right away, because, after all, it's pretty largely a matter of practice and habit. If any one of us has forgotten to smile pleasantly when some member of the family spoke to us to-day, let's make up for it at once. It's the very best place in the world to begin.—Selected.

ASSOCIATE with your friends unselfishly, make allowances for them generously, and seek their happiness on every occasion.

"THERE are loyal hearts, there are spirits brave,

There are souls that are pure and true; Then give to the world the best you have, And the best will come to you.

Give love, and love to your heart will flow, A strength in your utmost need;

Have faith, and a score of hearts will show Their faith in your word and deed."